

THE AUTHENTIC
MEMOIRS
OF THE

Life, Numerous Adventures, and
Remarkable Escapes,

OF THE CELEBRATED

PATRICK MADAN;
n

Interpersed with a Variety of Genuine Anecdotes of his
Contemporaries, and the Character of his FAIR
S——, the well-known C——n, the Influence
of whose Charms has so often saved the Culprit.

Likewise, in these MEMOIRS is given a succinct Account
of the first Introduction of the above Lady to the *Beau
Monde*, and the Plan adopted by Lord S—— *effectually* to
accomplish so DESIREABLE an Object.

By a GENTLEMAN of the INNER-TEMPLE.

Because Sentence against their evil Works is not speedily
executed; therefore, the Hearts of the Children of Men,
are let to do Evil. SALOMON.

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[1782]



A U T H E N T I C
M E M O I R S, &c.

MR. THOMAS MADAN was the head gardener and park-keeper of a Nobleman, near Carrickfergus, in the kingdom of Ireland; when an amiable young Lady, the daughter of a Caledonian Gentleman, happened to visit a distant relation in those parts. Mr. Madan was a member of the community denominated Seceders*; and
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* The Seceders are a people who separated from the established church of Scotland about the year 1734, and arrogated to themselves the name of the Reformed Presbyterians, agreeable to the Covenants, &c. Many of them have penetrated into the North of Ireland, which lying contiguous to, is intimately connected with Scotland. Of these Seceders are two parties, Burghers and Anti-Burghers; of the latter, and by far the strictest kind, were the parents of our Hero, though he by no means appears to have followed their example, or have been actuated by their principles.

the fair one, being of the same persuasion, readily received his addresses. Their passion was mutual; and, in short, the Lady gave her hand to the gardener, without the consent of her friends, who, in consequence, abandoned her, and procured the discharge of her new husband from his profitable place, which induced him to commence farmer, having accumulated five or six hundred pounds in the noble family.

On the 20th of April, 1752, Mrs. Madan was delivered of twins, and died in child-bed. They were baptized by a Seceder Minister, and named Patrick and Mary. To the history of the first, the reader is solicited to attend, expecting such information relative to the latter, as may appear pertinent, and naturally connected with the main design of this genuine narrative.

Through a great variety of concurring incidents, the farmer failed; was obliged to sell off his stock, and quit his situation. One misfortune followed another, until he was under the necessity of leaving Ireland. The education of his two children had been greatly neglected: they are arrived at the age of twelve, and can scarcely read and write. With what yet remained of his fortune, turned into money, he set out for England, and landed at Whitehaven the first of May, 1764, with his son and daughter.

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They passed through Cumberland, Westmoreland, and reached Preston, in Lancaster. There, his daughter being seized by a violent disorder, he rested about ten days, and, on her recovery, pursued his way to London by the way of Manchester.

As Mr. Madan approached that town, the day being warm, he indulged himself and children with the soft repose of half an hour under an hedge, fast by the gibbet of a murderer, hung in chains near the road. Here the youthful son, our Hero, more wakeful than his father, diverted himself by climbing up the infamous post; had reached its summit, and was sitting over the skeleton just as his weary parent awoke. The unexpected view of his child on so frightful an eminence, much alarmed his fear; that fear, communicated by loud shrieks to Patrick, precipitated his return to the ground. He fell, and received an injury in his leg, which never was restored to its right use. This accident retarded the journey of our emigrant family for full three weeks. However, on the 24th of June following, they arrived safe in the Metropolis.

Mr. Madan told the sad tale of all his misfortunes to the brother of his late wife, who, at that time, was a considerable Bricklayer and Master-builder, near Marybone. He quickly commiserated the case of his relation, proposed to employ the boy in his

service, and to put the girl an apprentice to a milliner, in Tavistock-street.

Mr. Madan seeing his children thus well provided for, after having spent about two or three months in London, returned to Ireland, and on the death of the Nobleman was restored to his original place of gardener and park-keeper, by the favour of the new Lord. He died the year following; so that the care of his two orphans entirely devolved on their Scotch uncle, the architect, who resolved to train up Patrick to his profession.

As Miss Mary grew up, she became more and more beautiful and attracting to the youths, who often indulged their curiosity by peeping on her superlative charms, on an evening. It chanced, that a certain young noble Lord then, and till lately, in high office, was apprised of the beauty of our young Hibernian. He trusted not to the report, but sought the demonstration of his own eyes. He looked with eagerness—he loved with extasy: he vowed Mary was fairer than ever the Miss Gunnings had been *, and seemed fully resolved to win her to his arms. He employed every art which gallantry or love could devise. In fine, he was successful—he invited the charming fair one
to

* Afterwards the Duchess of Hamilton, and Countess of Coventry.

to the Opera, and the same night carried her home in his chariot.

One would almost be tempted to believe, that the Rev. Mr. Madan had wrote his *Treatise on female ruin* merely to palliate the errors of the great. Indeed, according to the doctrine inculcated in his three volumes of *Thelyphthora*, the ceremonious part of marriage is needless. It is not the design of the writer of these Memoirs to argue on the matter in this place: if *polygamy* is really lawful, as that celebrated Divine maintains, and if it is a fact, that he who is joined to an *harlot*, is one flesh with her, then let those who are without guilt cast the first stone; then are the noble Lord S——, and the beautiful Miss Mary Madan one—long may they so remain—“What Heaven has joined, let no man put asunder.”

Mean while, our hero, as he waxed in years and strength, became untractable. He soon saw the easy softness of his uncle, and disregarded his instruction. Patrick grew fond of amusement, associated with idle companions on a Sunday, and was initiated into the mystery of gambling. He by degrees departed from the paths of virtue, and disregarded the admonitions of his best friend. To support his extravagance, he learned to pilfer from his uncle's compting-house, and connived with some of his country-labourers in their stealing lead from the buildings.

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About April, 1765, when our youth was but thirteen, he joined the riotous weavers of Spittlefields, with whom he got acquainted through the medium of a near relation of his uncle. He was in *the goodly* company which attempted the life of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, in his chariot, on Hay-hill, Berkley-square, and though so very young, was remarkably active in the disturbance of Bloomsbury, when several of the horse-guards were terribly wounded.

With this desperate banditti our *hopeful* young adventurer remained all the week of that memorable riot. On the Sunday his finances were rather low, and his lawless abettors could but ill assist him. Afraid to return to his uncle, he collegued with a set of abandoned young miscreants, who taught him the mystery of picking pockets, and led him to the infamous receptacles of stolen goods. One Sunday evening, Patrick reducing his new theory into practice, was detected stealing a watch from a gentleman's fob in Whitefield's Tabernacle, Moorfields. He was conducted to Clerkenwell Bridewell, and next morning he sent for his uncle. The prosecutor proved to be a person of humanity: he forgave the youth at the earnest desire of his uncle, who resolved to send him to sea. Accordingly Patrick, consigned to the care of Captain Elliot, made a voyage to Jamaica; and in the

the Spring of 1766, went out to Greenland with Capt. Smith, on board the Leviathan.

Before his return, his too indulgent friend, the uncle, died, leaving his nephew and niece each 500l. to remain in the stocks till they came of age. It does not appear that the builder ever endeavoured to recal Miss Mary from her elevated station. The noble Lord proved his pattern, helped him to several lucrative jobs, and had promised his future support. The young Lady became the wonder of the Court, and esteemed the most consummate beauty in the whole extended polite circle at St. James's. She having cash at command, could easily relieve the wants of her brother, for whom she ever discovered the most tender sisterly regard; on his return from the northern voyage, she equipped him with every requisite of a gentleman.

Our hero this year contracted an intimacy with the daughter of a noted bawd, to whose artifice he became the wretched dupe. To the idle and dissipated company, frequenting that house of infamy, he owed the origin of all his future troubles.

These companions were adepts in every species of vice, from the dastardly pick-pocket up to the atrocious house-robber. These all had taken up their degrees, had arrived at the summit of sin, and were ripe to fill up the measure of their iniquity, by the

the addition of the last crime.. In 1767, our hero, in company with five desperate ruffians, broke open the dwelling house of a gentleman at Hackney, in the night. The thieves met the brave resistance of the servants, who fired and shot one of them dead. Madan and the other three ran off with several articles of value, and a considerable sum in cash and notes, which were all found next morning by the people of Sir John Fielding, who, on the information being given at the Public Office in Bow-street, traced the robbers, from their knowledge of the man who was killed.

Patrick had the precaution to make his escape in time. The other three were taken, committed, tried, found guilty, and afterwards suffered the penalty of death, due to the enormity of their crime.

In 1768, Madan seems to have totally disappeared from the scene of action in the metropolis, till the 8th of December, when he was employed, as he owned himself, in connection with his two countrymen, Balfe and Macquirk, to give a face to the cause of Sir William Beauchamp Procter, at the memorable Brentford Election. This turned out to be a very unprofitable day to Madan, and had like to have proved fatal to his colleagues. Our hero was obliged to rob a passenger on his return, which enabled him

him to carouse with his mistress, and the rest of his male and female associates.

In the beginning of the year 1769, there were no less than three different elections at the above town, at all which Patrick regularly attended. On the last of those occasions, viz. April 13th, when Col Lutterel opposed Mr. Wilkes, and was thrust into the House of Commons, our Adventurer perpetrated a very horrible capital burglary, for which his two accomplices suffered, having been partly convicted on the evidence of Madan, who was admitted a witness for the Crown. The fellows had obtained plate, bank-notes, and cash, to the amount of 700l. a very small part of which property was ever recovered by the injured party.

Mr. Baron Perrot, who tried the prisoners, gave a sensible and pertinent admonition to Madan, at the close of his evidence. This had so salutary an effect upon his mind, that, immediately on his enlargement, he vigorously betook himself to labour, and served a bricklayer, once the foreman of his uncle, the remaining part of the Summer season. His sister at this time was removed a great way into the country, and necessity prompted the industry of our hero. Happy had he been, if a steady disposition had thus proved the means of his restoration from the road to ruin; but, alas! evil habits are not to be overcome, without a power even

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supernatural. This sudden effort of his natural strength was but the struggle of a youth devoid of principle, alone forced by fear. The days of his honest labour terminated with the lengthened days; and all those of the sons of vice, who had survived, again became his intimate friends. He resumed the same round of riot; and because justice came up but with slow steps, therefore he fondly presumed, that he might ever elude her vengeance.

Some have gone far enough to say, that Madan was the fifth man concerned in murdering the supernumerary watchman on Westminster-bridge, the evening of Christmas-day the same year. Certain it is, it was proved on the trial of the two Kennedy's, (and two other young men, who were acquitted) that there was another, who was the most active in the murder.—Be that as it may, Patrick never has owned to having been concerned in that matter.

On the 9th of January 1770, Madan, in conjunction with John Nichols, robbed Mr. Smith, a cork-cutter, in one of the fields leading from Mile-end to Stepney. Nichols carried a pistol, but Madan committed the robbery; and, on Mr. Smith's offering to make resistance, he threatened to cut him to *atoms*; and discovered a ferocity of temper too horrible to be depicted by language.

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They were both taken early the next morning, by the runners of Justice Sherwood. His worship heard the plausible tale of Madan, admitted him as evidence for the King, and sent him to Clerkenwell Bridewell; whilst his companion and others whom he had impeached, were committed to Newgate for trial at the approaching sessions.

Through the affidavit of Nichols, the trial was postponed till February. Mr. Justice Blackstone, just appointed a judge, made this trial his first essay. Nichols was convicted, on the clearest evidence of the prosecutor, corroborated by the testimony of Madan, who, the Judge observed, was the active person in the robbery. The prisoner had many friends, who uniformly gave him an excellent character, for diligence in his business as a shoe-maker, and spoke confidently of his integrity previous to his associations with Patrick Madan. Sir William Blackstone thanked the Jury for recommending him to the King's clemency. He received sentence of death, but was afterwards respited during the Royal pleasure, and transported for fourteen years.

When the trial was over, Patrick petitioned the Court for an immediate discharge, alledging, that he had engaged to go on a voyage to Greenland, where he had been before. The Judge, who tried his partner,

made him the following reply, " I believe, " Sir, you will be obliged to steer towards " another quarter than Greenland, for there " is a capital charge against you, for which " you must remain in custody till the next " sessions."

The charge alluded to by the learned Judge was, of his having perpetrated a footpad robbery, of which he had made no confession when admitted as an evidence. Madan, for the first time, was now committed to the horrible prison of Newgate; a building so *contracted, loathsome*, and dark, that it baffles all description. It long stood to transmit to succeeding generations the Gothic barbarity of their progenitors, to convey infection and death even to Judges and Juries, and to destroy often the innocent and guilty together, without the form of a trial.

Here Patrick remained till the May Sessions, 1770, as the prosecutor's council had procrastinated the trial; and when the day of decision was arrived, the prosecutor appeared not, and the prisoner was discharged by proclamation.

Madan, on the restoration of his liberty, applied to Miss Mary, his sister, and found, that to her mediation he owed the preservation of his life. She presented an hundred pounds, and earnestly entreated him to forsake his immoral and vicious practices. He returned fair promises, but never intended

tended to keep them ; for he now became more abandoned than ever. He bought a horse, and, with two brothers of the name of Chesterman, he commenced highwayman, and penetrated into Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, and part of Worcestershire.

In a great variety of exploits Madan proved successful, and actually is said to have accumulated near a thousand pounds. On returning to London, near the close of the year 1770, he stopped a gentleman's carriage near Finchley Common, and obtained a purse, containing about fifty pounds, and a gold repeating-watch : the watch he presented to his girl, who being rather short of cash, offered it to a pawn-broker in Holborn, who stopped her, took her before the Magistrates in Bow-street, and had her committed. However, she was too constant to her lover to impeach him. The gentleman appeared on her examination, swore to his property, and had it returned ; the woman was committed as disorderly to the House of Correction, in Tothill-fields, where she was well supplied with every necessary by her temporary husband.

In the beginning of 1771, Madan was taken in the commission of a burglary, in Walworth, and was committed to the New Gaol, Southwark, where he remained till the beginning of April, when he was moved

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to Guildford for trial. The prosecutor failed in his evidence, and Madan was acquitted.

On the 22d of July, the same year, he was charged with having perpetrated a robbery, in company with one Penn, near Highgate, and also for cutting two trunks from behind carriages. He lay till the September Sessions approached, when, in company of an unusual number of desperadoes, he was removed to Newgate. This proved one of the longest Sessions known for many years. The Court sat a whole fortnight, and tried above 200 prisoners; sixteen of whom were capitally convicted; above seventy were cast for transportation, amongst whom was our Hero, for stealing one of the trunks, but was acquitted of the capital charge, on which his companion, Penn, was executed.

About the end of October following, there happened an insurrection in Newgate, when a desperate attempt was made to cut a passage through the wall of the lower ward. For this purpose the prisoners had caused their wives and friends to procure them certain large iron bars, which they conveyed into the gaol under their stays and petticoats. The attempt certainly was impracticable, yet as the cases of many of the prisoners, reserved for the country assizes, were desperate, a vigorous effort was made. But Mr. Akerman, the keeper, had been pre-

previously informed of the project, he rushed into the ward, attended by his servants, and near midnight, seized the whole group in the middle of their operation. The ring-leaders were all properly secured, but the consequence was, Patrick obtained his Majesty's free and unconditional pardon, and was discharged November the 29th.

The goal-distemper raged during the whole time of Patrick's confinement; many of the prisoners died, and he owed the preservation of his life to friends, who supplied him with food and physic. On the 24th of November, he had the mortification, at midnight, to bid a long farewell to all his convict companions; when about 120 were chained together, and put on board lighters at Blackfriars. Among this miserable number, was the celebrated Mr. Eyre, a person of ample fortune, yet, for a trivial felony, was banished to America.

Madam, thus again freed from captivity, forgot all his resolves in sickness; and, like the dog, returned to his vomit; and the sow, though washed, to the wallowing in the mire—He returned to his old haunt near Moorfields, and lodged with his girl in the house of her infamous mother. He had contracted a close intimacy with a notorious *fence**, and had a pressing invitation
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* This is a cant word signifying a receiver of stolen goods, of which class of creatures the metropolis has long abounded.

to enter into partnership with him. Patrick beheld less danger in this employ than in downright depredations. Having borrowed a hundred pounds of his never-failing sister, he began trade, and lodged in the decent apartments of the above partner, in the worst iniquity.

In this situation our hero much mended his fortune, and was generally allowed to be the most generous in the business. Highway gentlemen, house-breakers, those who went upon *the drag**, shop-lifters, and the whole train of thieves, came to Patrick, and were kindly received, without any questions being asked. He never failed to give ready money for the property, which he always was careful to remove to a less known *lock* the moment of purchase. Thro' his back yard he had a privy conveyance, whenever any of the suspicious officers of justice thought well to search his house, not a wreck was left behind; for, like the fox, Patrick always was careful to keep clean his own nest.

When Patrick now made his public appearance, it was in the garb of a country gentleman; and in that character he frequented inns, &c. and often gained such
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* The following and robbing of carts and waggons is denominated *the drag*. A trunk or chest so obtained is called a *Peter*, in the same language.

intelligence as turned out to his advantage, The thieves were obedient to his command, and he not only encouraged them by fair promises of success, but also often attended them in their exploits, where the hand of a master was wanting.

In June, 1772, Madan was taken into custody, on a violent suspicion of having robbed Mr. Stennet in a field near Sadlers Wells. On being examined at Bow-street, the gentleman could not swear to the identity of his person. He was remanded to prison, and, with seven notified villains, was brought up on the Wednesday following, for the inspection of several persons lately robbed. They were all discharged for want of evidence, after Sir John had charged all the peace officers, &c. then present, accurately to inspect the prisoners, to the end they might know them on any future occasion.

About this time the morning papers first published the account from Fielding's Office, and we discover the name of our hero often in their list. However, nothing seems to have affected his life or liberty, till June, 1774, when he was charged by a Mr. B— with having, in company with Michael Brannon, robbed him of some silver, and his coat and waistcoat, near the City Road.

Mr. B— swore positively to the parties ; his coat was found on Madan, and that cir-

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cumstance amounted to a certain proof of the commission of the fact, as taken with the testimony of the prosecutor. They were committed to different goals, Madan to his well known place in Clerkenwell, and Brannon to the Bridewell of Tothill-fields.

They met again in Newgate on the Thursday prior to the July Sessions; on the first day of which they were arraigned, tried, and found guilty of a capital offence. Madan pleaded, in his defence, that he received the coat from a man not taken, and strove to set up an *alibi* against the positive evidence of the prosecutor, who swore to his person, and the declaration of the taylor who made the coat, found on him when taken. His Counsel laboured much in cross-examining the evidence, and produced a whole *groupe* of *most respectable* characters, to support that of the prisoner Patrick.

On the last day of the sessions, our hero, his companion, with the rest of the capital convicts were set to the bar. It came to the turn of Patrick to walk forward to the front; the executioner having distinguished him, as usual, by a cord round his thumbs. Mr. Reynolds, the Clerk of the Arraignment for London, asked him what he had to say why judgment of death should not be passed upon him, according to law? he answered, "I am really as innocent of this crime as the child unborn." He was

was earnestly exhorted by the Recorder, who passed sentence, to buoy himself no longer up by the prospect of a pardon, as justice forbid here that mercy he might obtain hereafter, through an earnest supplications to that throne where alone it was to be found.

The report of the prisoners was made to his Majesty in the Privy-council about the beginning of August, when Patrick Madan (with several others) was ordered for execution on the ninth of that month at Tyburn. Michael Brannon was respited during the Royal Pleasure, and afterwards was transported to America; but the war having commenced in that quarter before the transports arrived, they were disdainfully returned to England. The vessel for some time lay at Blackwall; the prisoners arose, seized the master, tumbled him headlong into the hold, and almost to a man effected their escape in boats.

Patrick maintained his innocence to the day appointed for his death. Petitions in vain were presented by the aid of his fair sister, the courtesan. Royalty and justice refused to trifle any longer with a wretch grown incorrigible. On the Sunday before the execution, he received the sacrament, persisting in his original declaration. On the last evening he expected to live, the watchman addressed the prisoners in the

cells, entreating them to refrain from sleep, Madan begged him to pray for him, as he had been a great sinner, but yet was innocent of the robbery for which he was about to suffer.

When his irons were knocked off the next morning, he declared the same to the Ordinary. When he was put into the cart, he cried aloud to the numerous spectators, "I am innocent! I am innocent of the "crime falsely sworn against me!" He spoke to the same purport when they halted opposite the church on Snow-hill, whilst the bellman repeated his idle ceremony.

A very great multitude appeared at the place of execution, to see the exit of the poor unfortunate. They all appeared penitent; and with great solemnity prepared for the speedy approach of death. After prayers, and an hymn, the caps were drawn over their faces, and the executioner only waited the signal of Mr. Reynolds, the under sheriff, who attended Sir Watkin Lewis on the occasion.

A kind of disturbance prevailed in the crowd near the cart, which drew the attention of the Ordinary of Newgate. One Amos Merrit had owned the innocence of Patrick Madan, and himself guilty of the crime for which the convict was just about to suffer. The report was carried to Mr. Reynolds, and he took Merrit up to the chariot

chariot of Sir Watkin. The humane Sheriff heard the self-accuser, and immediately dispatched a messenger to Lord Weymouth's Office, to inform his Lordship of the confession of the bye-stander. The messenger returned with a respite for Madan, and he was taken down from the cart, and conveyed in a coach to Newgate, to wait his Majesty's further pleasure.

Perhaps it would be hard to determine whether this manœuvre of Merrit was performed at the instance of the fair Courtesan, who had tried every other possible means to save her brother. Or whether Merrit, being guilty, dreaded not the consequence of any change in the evidence of the prosecutor; or whether his confession was forced by the friends of Madan, or his own free act; be it as it may, the scheme had the desired effect. Merrit was taken before Justice Addington, to whom he confessed voluntarily, that he, in company with Brannon, had perpetrated the robbery, and had *given* the coat to Madan, after the fact. He was committed on this declaration, and Madan received a further respite, till the result of the trial of Merrit should transpire.

On the trial, Merrit was flatly contradicted by Mr. B——, the original prosecutor, who, persisting in his former account of the robbery, the prisoner was acquitted.

quitted. Merrit had long been a desperate robber and house-breaker; and on his enlargement in September 1774, he renewed his depredations. He escaped till October 18, when he was again committed to Newgate; was tried at the December session, and executed at the place from whence he had saved his companion Patrick, on one of the Christmas holidays. So true is the observation of the wise man, "Although hand join in hand, yet shall not the sinner go unpunished."

1773
Soon after, our Hero had the good fortune, through the interposition of friends, to obtain a free pardon from that Prince, whose goodness he had before abused. During his confinement, he spent all his money, together with the legacy of his late uncle (which he received the day he arrived at twenty-one years of age, viz. in April 1773.) He strove hard to save his life by seeing council, and procuring witnesses. When he despaired of success, he gave himself up to dissipation; and it is but too evident, from his future conduct, that no real reformation had been wrought in the days of trouble. On his return to gaol, he resumed his wonted insolence and cruelty: when he regained his liberty, he returned to his old ways.— There is something shockingly infatuating in vice, and it is seldom its votaries and veterans

terans ever attempt to tread the flowery paths of peace, by becoming virtuous and religious.

February the 2d, 1775, late in the evening, our Hero having rejoined his remaining companions, set out on a design of plunder. Patrick parted from them near the watch-house in Upper Moorfields, and seeing a lamp-lighter running about and trimming his lamps, he accosted him, demanding his money, with dreadful oaths and threatenings. The lamp-lighter would not be robbed, and a scuffle ensued, in which Madan did not prove victorious, for the watchmen assembling, he was dragged to their house, and locked up in the back apartment.

Several of Madan's trusty friends, on observing the defeat of their Captain, procured aid from the notified streets and alleys contiguous to Moorfields. A formidable party sallied forth from their dens of infamy; surrounded the watch-house with iron bars, &c. forced open the doors, and, having violently assaulted the watch, and the constable of the night, relieved their Captain, and conducted him to their house of nocturnal merry-meeting.

One of the watchmen was desperately wounded. The rioters were soon after traced; and tried in the April Sessions following, at Hicks's-Hall, when our Hero

was

was sentenced to suffer five years imprisonment in Newgate*.

The rioters all remained in that dismal dungeon till the beginning of 1776, when they were removed to the middle quadrangle of the new gaol of Newgate. Here they had plenty of room and fresh air, and being old prisoners doomed to lay long in their new situation, Mr. Akerman appointed several of them to places of trust and profit. As gatesmen or wardsmen, they claimed a right to rob every new-come prisoner, by charging them with the customs called *garnish*. Madan, in this situation, and often assisted by his sister as he was, might have considered himself better off than he deserved. But nothing could serve his rapacious soul but the exercise of his calling, by committing every act of hostility on his fellow prisoners—such as were not equally abandoned. He picked the pockets of visitors, and carried his insolence to such a height, that few people durst enter within the gate to see their distressed friends. Madan erected a kind of academy in the prison, and assiduously taught *the noviciates* the mysteries of his trade: He repeated his many adventures

* The rest of the rioters received sentence as follows: James Nimmey, Walter Hatchman, and John Taylor, were for seven years. Joseph Hawes, alias Joe the Baker, John Morose, Thomas Hatchman, Abraham Isaacs, Arthur Levi, John Lerosse, Joseph Ephraims, and Moses Rebus, for five years. Edward Oliver for three years, all in Newgate.

1776

adventures, recapitulated his narrow escapes, and, glorying in his shame, projected new schemes of robbery and depredation, which he communicated to his pupils, and resolved to carry them into execution, the moment of his enlargement.

The keeper, in order to restrain the enormities, caused several of his scholars to be locked up in the cells, for trying their talents on strangers. Madan, and two of the rest of the rioters were dismissed from their office, and their friends were denied admittance, till they themselves became less inimical to the friends of others.

On this, a dreadful riot prevailed; all the Moorfields party grew impatient; they petitioned the Court for redress, complained of their unparalleled sufferings, and begged to be sent to sea to serve his Majesty.

The prayer was thought reasonable; the Lord Mayor waited upon the rioters, in person, in the area of Newgate, and kindly promised to represent their case to, and use his utmost interest with the Secretary of, State, to obtain the object of their wish.

His Lordship signed their petition, and got many respectable names prefixed to it; but the Middlesex Magistrates strenuously opposed the design, and so their petition was rejected.

The rioters now grew quite desperate, drew over the principal prisoners to their
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side, and actually began to demolish the internal parts of the prison. Mr. Akerman, assisted by his own people, and the butchers of Fleet-market, all properly armed with hangers and pistols, entered the area in the midst of the desolation of the windows. A pistol was held to the head of Madan, nor would he surrender till he received a desperate cut with a hanger from the keeper.

The principal actors in this scene of confusion were double ironed, and closely confined, till an order was obtained for the separation of these desperadoes. Madan and Joe the Baker were removed to New Prison; Morose and Lerosse were sent to the Bridewell adjoining; most of them who were imprisoned for seven years remained in Newgate; and several of the rest, with the *famous* Miss West, who not a little stimulated them all to acts of ferocity, were conducted to the New Gaol in the Borough; all to serve the remainder of their time in those various situations—though separate, yet not unconnected, as their wives &c. still held on a mutual intercourse with all the parties.

Elmore, the governor of New Prison, received his guests with joy, and set them over the rest of the prisoners. He winked at their robberies, and connived with his old tenants in all their wickedness. He waited on Miss Madan, represented the case
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of her brother, and urged her to use her influence to procure his discharge from confinement. The Lady heard the modern Lockit; promised to try her skill, and sent a handsome present to Patrick. After this, when she discovered her influence was unsuccessful, she frequently paid her personal visits to, and honoured the Governor by her company at dinner.

The unfeeling temper of this worthless keeper, was woefully displayed to the rest of the prisoners. He had formerly kept the tap in Bridewell, and was never so happy as when diverted by scenes of cruelty in the prison. Several poor friendless wretches, who were committed to his charge for trivial offences, perhaps chiefly to satisfy the wanton caprice of the magistrates, were used worse than dogs should be by such a monster in human shape, and who possessed not a particle of the milk of kindness. Those wretches, though obliged to subsist on their scanty little loaf, day by day, were the common sport of these two brethren in sin, and the perpetual jest of their callous keeper. In the night, locked up in the same ward with Madan and his fellow, they were tormented in a manner, if described, would harrow up the reader's soul, and convey such horrors as would

Make each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

SHAKESPEARE.

Death put a period to the wanton savage barbarity of the keeper. But to express his approbation of the conduct of his two faithful servants, Madan and Joe the Baker, he left them in his will, a sum sufficient to purchase each a suit of mourning.

The new Governor, appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, soon discovered an opposite disposition. He discouraged every scene of oppression, brought to punishment the robbers of prisoners and strangers, and has even had several tried at the bar of the Old Bailey for such offences, and who met the due reward of their crimes—Death.

Madan and his companion were discharged from their confinement at the expiration of their term of five years, in April 1780. They were both again taken up for a robbery committed whilst in prison. On their trial in May sessions, they were acquitted, as the prosecutor could not make good his allegation.

The rest of Madan's associates were all cleared by the desperate rioters, who burnt the goal of Newgate on the sixth of June that year, and released all the prisoners. Taylor and others, whose time was not nearly expired, thought proper to surrender themselves to the keeper, and had afterwards, in consequence of his humane representation, the remaining time of their sentence remitted.

Madan,

Madan, at the termination of the dreadful riot, is said to have been taken again into custody, as a person suspected of having been active in freeing his companions; but no proof of his guilt appearing, he was discharged without being brought to a formal trial.

Our Hero had the good address to keep out of prison all the following Summer, and rather chose to deal largely in the *swindling* way, than expose his neck again to the mercy of the law. In conjunction with two lads, one a Jew, and the other named John Bailey, belonging to the Gravel-lane gang of housebreakers and shoplifters, he realized a considerable sum of money. His method was this: He went into shops, decently dressed like a country squire, and politely desired to be shewn such and such commodities: whilst he seemed eagerly to be bargaining with the shopman, one or both of these boys would enter the shop privately, and convey off such goods as they could reach. When they had secured their booty, and withdrawn, then our Hero would suddenly form a slender excuse, or perhaps only buy some small article, and follow them.

One evening, attempting to practise this art in the shop of Mr. Swadle, a hosier, in the City, the two boys were detected in stealing twenty-seven pairs of silk stockings, value 12l. Madan was suspected, because
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he rather supported the boys when detected. An Officer from the Poultry Compter was sent for, who knew all the three. They were lodged in the Compter that night, and the next day carried before Mr. Alderman Wooldridge, at Guildhall.

The Alderman and Patrick had a long conversation, and seemed to vie with each other in speaking least to the point in question. The Magistrate *beknawed* the culprit, and the prisoner, by way of recrimination, called the worthy Alderman a — c —. Mr. Wooldridge observed to Patrick, that he possessed too fresh a suit to have been honestly come by; Madan said, he had lately been in Ireland, and had received a legacy of 700l. left by a late uncle. When closely questioned regarding particular circumstances attending his voyage, &c. his answers appeared not very satisfactory, and they were all three recommitted, on a similar charge in Middlesex.

On their trial in December, they were all three acquitted of the City robbery; and then arraigned and tried for stealing in the shop (privately) of Mr. Story, a silversmith in Sidney's-alley, Leicester-fields, four gold watch chains, valued at 20l. ten garnet rings, value 2l. 10s. Mr. Story informed the Court, that he missed the things immediately after Madan, the prisoner, had departed, and suspected him: That he attended

tended his examination in Bow-street, and swore to the things found on the boys by an officer ; these boys had been seen lurking about the alley, and in the shop, at the time Madan pretended to buy a gold watch. It also appeared in the course of the evidence, that in the pocket of Bailey was found a gold watch, on which the name " Patrick Madan " was engraved. Mr. Justice Ashurst summed up the evidence, observing, that the watch being found in the custody of the lad went to prove the connection of the parties, and the property being found on the two boys, who had been seen about the door, at the precise time when Madan was in the shop, left but little room to doubt their being guilty of stealing privately in the shop. The value, his Lordship said, was too high to be reduced to that which takes off the capital part of the offence ; and, on the whole, submitted the case to the decision of the Jury, who brought in their verdict, finding all the three guilty.

The Judge earnestly admonished the prisoner Madan to loose no time, in his preparation for a more solemn tribunal, assuring him, that he had so often abused mercy, that it could no more be extended to him.

Madan went away in a violent rage, exclaiming bitterly, in language the most improper, against the Court. As he was going to the cells that evening, one of the keepers

keepers observed, that his dress was too superb for such a situation, and thought that his new silk stockings would but ill accord with a pair of rusty double fetters. He returned, that he cared not for his things, thinking they would last longer than he should live.

On the last day of the Sessions, the Judges being all absent, Madan addressed the Recorder prior to the passing sentence, saying, " My Lord, it is hard that I should suffer " for the badness of my character ; had that " been unimpeached, I should not have " been found guilty of the charge, as there " was not a shadow of evidence which " could affect the life of any man in such " a case." The Recorder seemed not to deny the force of the observation, which had been put into his mouth by his Council, and promised to mention the circumstance in the report to his Majesty.

The report was not made for upwards of two months ; meanwhile the condemned prisoners were mutinous ; sawed off their irons ; were furnished with fire-arms, &c. and determined to regain their liberty by one violent effort, in knocking down the keepers, and forcing their way through the area of the quadrangle, not then repaired from the dreadful ravages of the rioters the preceding Summer. But Mr. Akerman being apprised of their design, took proper precaution.

precaution to prevent the consequence. The prisoners were all secured, the ringleaders bound down to the floor in the cells, and their friends no longer suffered to visit them.

The report being made by Mr. Recorder, who represented Madan in the most favourable point of light, his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite the three concerned in robbing Mr. Story. The condition of Madan's respite was, that he should serve his Majesty, as a soldier, on the coast of Africa, during his natural life ; and the two lads had their sentence changed from death to three years imprisonment in Newgate.

The Gaol of Newgate not being completed in the centrical quadrangle, the respites were conducted to New Prison, by a party of the Guards, and watched for several weeks. Madan, one Hill, another named Mackenzie, and several others, were escorted to the Savoy Prison in April 1781, and there confined till they should embark for Chatham Barracks.

It may not seem a digression to introduce a short anecdote of Miss Madan in this place, as it has an immediate reference to her brother.

The young Lady visited Patrick in the Savoy, and was earnestly solicited by him to attend his mother-in-law (as he called the old bawd of Barbican) to the house of a certain Conjuror in the City. Accordingly

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she went in her chariot, met the procureſs, and knocked at the door of the Astrologer. The Son of Science received them with much ceremony in his Egyptian habit, and begged they would be ſeated till he returned from the houſe-top, whether he was going to conſult the heavenly bodies.

The Magician retired out of the ſight, but not out of the hearing of our inquiſitive pair. They talked freely together of the fate of Patrick, and ſeemed rather to wiſh, that he had been imprifoned for life, than be baniſhed to the burning climate. The Conjuror had ſtaid long enough to pick up every hint which he wanted, but returned too late to detect the old mother of Madan in robbing his bureau of a round ſum. He crept up ſtairs, then ran precipitately down, and entered the room in a violent hurry, crying, “ How durſt you come to conſult a Philoſopher, who was plundered by the very man whoſe fate you want to learn?” The old witch ſcreamed out; Miſs Madan cried bitterly, but preſented ten pieces; at which the ſoothſayer ſmiled, altered his tone, and ſaid: “ You may reſt aſſured, fair Lady, that your brother ſhall regain his liberty, return and do well.” On this the young Lady withdrew, the old bawd followed her, and ran to Patrick to proclaim her ſucceſs with the Astrologer, whom he had *twice* outwitted.

But

But the most remarkable part of the story seems to be this: the day following, a certain busy officer of justice, apprehended our Caldean Prophet in the very act of sooth-saying; carried him in his robes to Guild-hall, where he was examined as a vagrant; referred him to the Commissioners of the land-tax, as a proper person to serve as a soldier; was by them received, approved, and sent to the Savoy, the evening before the riot—which we proceed to describe.

Madan and his desperate companions had formed a scheme, which, if well executed, would have restored their freedom. They had procured several large bars of iron, three crows, on the construction of those with which they had broken bars and bolts, and forced open doors, &c. They likewise were provided with fire-arms, small hangers, knives, &c.

The Captain of the Savoy, attended as usual with his picquet guard, to protect the soldiers who counted and locked up the prisoners; and having enjoined the impressed men to behave peaceably, he withdrew. The prisoners, as usual, struck up their voices, and sung joyfully to divert the tedious hours of night; when Madan proposed the execution of his plan, and enforced the general concurrence with horrid threats and execrations.

About midnight, with one consent, they began to work, and before two in the morning made a large aperture in the wall. This however yet remained too small to admit the prisoners to pass. They renewed their operation, and just as day began to appear, they saw there was room enough for a passage.

One of the most hardened first adventured to the extremity, when he was observed by a centinel, who had watched their motions all along. He fired his piece, not so much to destroy the man who approached, as to alarm the guard. It happened, however, that the poor fellow was killed, and all the rest ran with the utmost speed to their beds. In that position they were all found by the guards, who rushed in upon them, and demanded their immediate surrender. Two more of the fellows were killed before they all would submit. They were commanded to walk down to the yard, where the Captain waited their attendance. Being separately examined, the ringleaders in the riot were all put in irons, and confined, day and night, ever after whilst they remained there, perpetually guarded by two soldiers within their apartment.

The continuance of the prisoners in this military prison was but of short duration, One morning they were all taken down to the water-side, put on board a lime-barge, and

and conducted to Gravesend. There they were confined in the Town Gaol, and became quite riotous. Madan and two others burst the bars of the prison, and certainly would have got off had they not been surrounded by a party of Militia which guarded the yard.

The next day Madan, and the rest of the most desperate, were chained together, and obliged to walk before the other prisoners to Chatham Barracks.

They remained there about a week, and on the 5th of June, were put on board a transport vessel, bound for Senegal. Several attempts were made, both in the Barracks, and on board in the River, by our Hero, to get away; but they all proved ineffectual. The ship sailed for the Nore on the 7th, and the 8th was under convoy at Deal. Here they remained till the 10th, then proceeding in their voyage to Portsmouth, and reached it on the 12th of June, towards the evening.

It was now our Hero made one more vigorous attempt to be free. At midnight he penetrated the side of the ship near the bottom of the hold. The water gushed in impetuously; the alarm was given by Madan and his confederates; they were about seizing the long-boat, when the Captain caught the alarm, mustered all his force upon deck, and ordered the insurgents to repair immediately to the pump.

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All this was done with so much cool judgment, that his orders were irresistible. The vessel was soon cleared, the aperture was stopped ; and every thing being reduced to order, the guard was doubled, and the prisoners were put in irons.

Being tried by a Court-martial, by the military officers, Madan, John Hill, and the Conjuror, were all found guilty. The two former received each 500 lashes on their bare back, and then were conveyed to Haslar hospital to be cured. The latter received only *a dozen*, as a sailor, for not foretelling by his art the intended destruction of the vessel.

1781 These two companions remained in the hospital till the 22d of July, when they were visited by the mother of Madan. The old bawd had concealed a second dress of her own weeds, and having plentifully treated the soldier who watched the ward, she dressed her son in law in her habiliments. By this manœuvre Patrick passed by the sentinel, and got clear away. When Hill saw this, he threatened to discover all, if the old woman would not agree to change garments with him : with much ado, she complied ; he likewise got clear off, and and pursued his companion ; but the poor wretched hag, on the relief of the sentinel, was discovered by the serjeant, taken before the captain of the guard, and by him before a justice

a justice of the peace, who committed her to the house of correction at Portsmouth. There let us leave her, and overtake the two fugitives just as they arrive in London.

Madan, on his arrival, visited his sister, who again gave him money, exhorting him to depart out of the kingdom, as it lay out of her power now to save that life so frequently forfeited. He promised to fulfill her desire; but went to his old haunts of infamy, to console with his mistress, whose mother he was given to understand was in Bridewell.

He reigned, without controul, in the metropolis for several months; but growing rather too impudent, he was noticed by the officers of Bow-street, who set others on the scent, as he was too *respectable* a character for them to inform against. About the beginning of November, he was pursued in a street near Moorfields, and would have got clear had not a stout apprentice of a barber knocked him down, and secured him. He was taken to his old lodging at Clerkenwell, and there remained till the last December Sessions.

Being set to the Bar of the Old Bailey, he was asked, what he had to say why sentence should not be passed on him according to law, he having broken the conditions of his pardon? He replied, that the ship destined to carry him over to Africa had been cast away,

away near the Cove of Cork, in Ireland; in consequence of which he was allowed his liberty by the Captain. This he affirmed he could prove against the next Session, should the Court indulge him till then.

He was remanded to prison, and in *the interim* endeavoured to make his escape, with many of his abettors, he cut through a double floor, penetrated a strong roof, and reached the top of the parapet. A soldier, who stood centinel in the Governor's garden, observing the prisoners, fired upon them, and forced them to retreat down to their dungeon.

In the January Sessions, Madan again was conducted to the Old Bailey, when, failing in his proof of having been wrecked, he was left to the pleasure of his Majesty, and returned to New Prison, from whence he almost made his escape a second time. This prompted the keeper to have him removed to the old cells of Newgate, as judging his gaol was not in a state of security whilst so desperate a fellow possessed it.

At the April Session, in 1782, our Hero once more was called to the Bar of that Court, where he was so very well recognized. Mr. Adair, the Recorder, informed him, that though he had so often escaped the punishment due to his numerous crimes, yet his Majesty, in whose breast mercy had always been predominant, had once more resolved

resolved to give him an opportunity to amend, and be useful to society, by yet fulfilling his former engagement, of serving as a soldier for life on the Coast of Africa.

Madan retorted with much acrimony, and insolently insisted on the King's Letter being read to him. The Recorder consented, and the letter was read by the Clerk of the Arraignment.

The Prisoner then became more audacious, and peremptorily cast back the proffered pardon to the Court, urging, that it was hard for one, who has been cast merely on circumstantial evidence, and that the most trivial and uncertain, to be banished to a place where death could not fail of being certain.

The Court, shocked at his impudence, informed him, that in consequence of his refusing the King's conditions, that mercy should be withheld. He was then told, that he must be put back to his original sentence of death, and should be executed in a week from that day. This, the Recorder declared was the definitive determination of the Court, as he had drawn down the vengeance of the law wilfully on his head, by refusing the lenity of his Majesty. The keeper ordered his men to return him to prison, when his obdurate heart failed within him. The prospect of a sudden death was too dreadful to even such a hardened

dened villain. He bursted into tears ; fell down on his knees, asked forgiveness for his rashness, and humbly implored that mercy which he had refused.

After a short pause, the Court recalled the dreadful mandate. He begged that he might have the indulgence of being permitted to meet the prisoners promiscuously in the common gaol. This was peremptorily refused, and he was taken away to the cells, there to remain till it is convenient, first to move him to the Savoy, and then to secure him on board the vessel bound for the coast of Africa—there may he safely arrive ; but from thence, for his own sake, and the public good, may he never return to England.

John Hill was next placed at the Bar, and informed by the Recorder, that his Majesty had been pleased graciously to extend his mercy, by granting him a free pardon, without any condition whatsoever, in consequence of some late favourable circumstances. Accordingly, he was immediately discharged.

In consequence of the fresh promises of the fair Courtezan, Miss Madan, his sister, Patrick still retains a prospect of liberty ; and he has been heard to declare, that the ship is not yet built which shall carry him over to Senegal.

We have thus traced the infamous life of Patrick Madan, in a plain, simple, authentic

tic narration, until it can be traced no farther. What remains wrapped in futurity, the prolific womb of time must disclose. Mean while, let all who read these genuine Memoirs shun the path of Vice as the road to unhappiness. Shame and misery follow sin, as the shadow follows the body. Solomon tells us, that *Shame shall be the promotion of fools*.—What folly is so egregious as a departure from true wisdom—the fear of the Most High? May we always keep that OMNISCIENT SUPREME before our eyes, *and so our foot-steps shall never be moved*.

APPENDIX.

THE Reader may rest assured of the authenticity of the two following Letters, the Author of the preceding Narrative having had an opportunity to copy them from the Original :

(C O P Y.)

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THE woes I now feel for your accumulated distress infinitely surpass all my former affliction. Last night I suffered under the most dreadful dream ; such horrors as are not capable of being poured into human language. In my affrighted imagination I beheld my brother again at the fatal tree !—the cap was again drawn over his face !—he died !—the numerous spectators wept and cried—Alas ! poor Patrick at length has come to this place---to return no more !—I awaked in the arms of my Lord—he endeavoured in vain to soothe my soul. I started up, withdrew the curtains of the chamber, and am now writing to my Brother---who is yet alive.

My Lord is deeply concerned at your fate, and deplores your distress with all the tenderness of a friend, but he despairs, alas, of ever restoring your liberty.

However, on my part, nothing shall be wanting. To support you amidst your woes, shall prove my dearest delight,

light, as far as money can conduce to so desirable an end. I understand you will remain in Newgate for near another month, as the ship is not quite ready for sailing to Africa. Oh! the thought of parting with my Brother, pierces my bosom like a thousand darts!—better had it been that you had even died according to my dream!—But still hope darts its feeble ray of comfort on my perturbed mind. You will be soon removed to the Savoy; there shall I have the happiness to see you once more. Next, you will be sent to Chatham Barracks, and on the result of that I rest my hope. Who can tell what a day may bring forth?—Who knows what a month may produce? You have braved dangers—surmounted difficulties—escaped death! Who knows but your keepers may forsake their ferocity? the guards of the Savoy may become less vigilant; you may have a chance at Chatham, for there the Captain may forget his cruelty.

Soldiers are poor---always mercenary; to them money is a strange god, and they will blindly worship it, if you are careful to pour plenty of liquor into their cups. Behave civilly, and they will naturally give you many liberties; bestow bountifully, and they will grant you many indulgences; for cargoes of such are as often sold by Colonels and Captains, as ever they were by Popes and Cardinals. On the whole, be chearful, even in the gloomy dungeon, and leave all your future fate to the care of Providence, and your

Most affectionate Sister,

May 15, 1782.

MARY S——.

*To Patrick Madan,
in the Cells of Newgate.*

Cells

Cells of Newgate, May 15, 1782.

LOVING SISTER,

I HAVE procured Lawyer —, the Old Bailey Solicitor, to answer your kind letter. I thank you for the present of —, which was faithfully transmitted to me by the bearer. I had great hope of getting out the other night, when Captain R—, and the rest of the prisoners had sawed off their irons, and were ready to escape. But every pie is now inspected—the keepers open the crust, and pry into the parts. I am closely confined in my cell twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours. This day young Isaac the Jew, of Houndsditch, was cast for ballast heaving: he was long my companion and good friend. Black Moll, of Soho, was tried for her life, for touching a Frenchman, but was cleared. I wish you could prevail on her to attend me to her own country. The Judges were very pleasant, and ordered her money to be returned. She sent me two pieces. My poor mother-in-law is dead of the wounds she received at Portsmouth. My wife is indicted for touching Squire S— of ten pieces, and his *trick*, but I trust the Gentleman, the writer of this, will get her off.

Expecting to see you, with Black Moll, as soon as I go to the Savoy, I remain,

Your loving Brother, till death,

PATRICK MADAN.

F I N I S.